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THE DEMOCRAT

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SPEECH OF MR. CALHOUN

In reply to Mr. Webster's rejoinder, delivered
in the Senate, March 22, 1838.

MR. CALHOUN again rose and said, I am not
at all surprised, Mr. President, that the Senator
from Massachusetts should show such solicitude
to free himself from the responsibility of convert-
ing this discussion into a mere personal alterca-
tion, so unworthy of the place and the occasion.
But it is not a little unjust in him to attempt to
transfer the responsibility from himself to me,
having acted throughout, as I have, wholly on
the defensive, and done every thing I could to
avoid personalities. I have, in truth, a deep and
unfeigned aversion to personal altercations, in
any case; especially here, in my official charac-
ter, where duty and self-respect, as well as the
dignity of the body, forbid its introduction. On
the present occasion, I had every reason to avoid
it. The subject is one unsurpassed in magni-
tude and importance, and which requires the calm-
est and most deliberate consideration. I have
had entire confidence in the strength and truth of
the side I support; and of course felt deep solicitude
to limit the discussion strictly to the merits
of the question.

But the Senator, in order to throw the blame
on me, denies that he drew a comparison be-
tween us. Does he consider it no comparison
to claim for himself the most universal and ardent
patriotism; and to attribute to me the oppo-
site qualities, of being sectional, and entertain-
ing feelings far from friendly to the Union? And
thus, without any thing in the question, or my
previous remarks, that could, by possibility justify
it? Does he really think that I ought to have said
in silence without attempting to show, as I have
done, how perfectly unfounded are his claims to
superior patriotism, and how unjust his charges
against me?

But in order to justify himself, he accuses me
of having first attempted to fix on himself and
friends the charge of inconsistency, in supporting
the substitute of the Senator from Virginia, (Mr.
Rives). I am no such charge. I simply avail
myself of the opinion which he and they ex-
pressed, and expressed, in relation to a similar
measure in 1834—acquitting them expressly of
all inconsistency. So far from a charge of the
kind, I placed my argument on the assumption,
that their opinion remained unchanged; and yet
this he calls a charge of inconsistency—throw-
ing of the first stone; and on which he rests the
justification of his unprovoked personalities.

The Senator next attributes to me the asser-
tion, that I intended to draw a comparison be-
tween his course and mine during the late war, if
I had permitted, accusing me at the same
time, of making a "railing accusation" against
him. My answer is, that I said nothing like it;
and made no accusation whatever, either "rail-
ing" or specific. I said not a word of "fine
permeating me." What I really said was entirely
different; and bears no analogy whatever to what
he attributes to me, as the senate must remem-
ber. I confined myself to an inquiry into the
truth of the picture he had drawn of his patriot-
ism; and his comparison between his public con-
duct and mine. I demonstrated that little claims
he had to the high qualities he arrogated to him-
self; and how unfounded his assumption was to
a more universal and ardent patriotism. I illus-
trated this by a reference to his course in re-
lation to abolition and the tariff; and declined go-
ing into a comparison between our courses during
the late war—not for a want of time, as he states,
but expressly on the ground that the events of
that day were by-gone, and belonged to history,
where I was willing to leave it, and where I
should leave it, unless provoked to go into the
comparison, by some future attack from the Sen-
ator. I added not a word of accusation what-
ever, either "railing" or otherwise. It is true,
I said that, at one time, I intended to go into the
comparison. I certainly had no reason, person-
ally, to decline it; but I felt a strong repugnance,
which I could not overcome, to recurring back to
such distant events, that have passed out of the
circle of the politics of the day. Acting
under its influence, I limited my remarks, in
reference to the Senator and myself, to the
great and living questions of the day, which are
still unsettled, and are destined to exercise an
important control over the future destiny of the
country.

But, if I should be forced into the comparison,
I shall not confine myself simply to what the
Senator did at that important period of our his-
tory: I would take a far wider range. He claims
for himself an exalted patriotism, far above oth-
ers, and myself in particular; and that too, in
war as well as peace; and he would have no
right to complain, it held responsible not only for
what he did, but for what he did not; not only
for his own acts, but also for his political associ-
ates and party, which passed without his censure
or rebuke.

I have no wish, for the reasons I
have stated, to enter on the comparison; but if
he dears it, I will read a statement of some dozen
or fifteen of his votes, which I laid my hand
on since he commenced his reply; and which
will furnish some index of his course during that
period. [Mr. WEBSTER indicating no desire
for the reading, Mr. CALHOUN proceeded.]

Dropping, then, the Senator's course during
the war, I shall proceed to notice some remarks

of his in reference to myself. He has hunted up
with much industry, and brought forward with
great parade, my course in relation to the tariff—
to the Bank—and the Bonus Bill, immediately
subsequent to the late war, in order to fix on me
a charge of inconsistency. I am pleased that he
has afforded me, on this occasion, an opportunity
to speak of this portion of our political history,
and of the part I took. It is one that requires
explanation, not only in reference to myself, but
to the party to which I belong.

In supporting the measures to which the Sen-
ator referred, I was not alone: I acted with the
great body of the party; and, if I took a more
prominent part in relation to them than others, it
is to be attributed to the position which I held in
the House and the party at the time. It is not
my intention to defend those measures, but to ex-
plain, in justice to myself and the party, the cir-
cumstances under which we acted. I do not de-
ny that we departed more or less from the true
principles and policy of our party; but it was un-
der circumstances which, though they do not justify
the departure, are calculated, in a great de-
gree, to excuse it; and to repel effectually any
imputation that it was an intentional abandonment
of them.

No popular party is proof against success, and
the long possession of power; and I such proved to
be the fact in our case. We had been in the
uninterrupted possession of power for more than
sixteen years, and had just carried through suc-
cessfully a war against the greatest Power on
earth, and, at the same time, overthrown the party
in opposition to us. The flash of victory had, as
usual, the effect of working a considerable
change in the feelings and views of our party,
which contributed to the introduction of the mea-
sures to which the Senator refers. But there
were other, and powerful causes, which also con-
tributed to it. During the war, the country had
suffered much from a depreciated and unequal
currency; from the want of domestic supplies to
take the place of those articles which we had been
in the habit of receiving from abroad, but which
had been cut off by the war, and from the want
of good roads, and other channels of conveyance,
on which to transport munitions of war, and to
concentrate promptly a sufficient force, on the
points menaced or attacked by the enemy. After
its termination, there was a vivid recollection
of the difficulties occasioned by these wants.
The danger, at the time, to the country, was be-
lieved to be connected exclusively with our foreign
relations. The war, it is true, had terminated
successfully; but there were hostile feelings
left behind on both sides, between our country
and Great Britain; and she kept up a powerful
force in her possessions in our immediate vicinity,
which was calculated to excite our vigilance, and
to admonish us of the necessity of being prepared
for a renewed contest. Besides, we were in dan-
ger of being involved in a long and dangerous
contest, growing out of the Revolution in Span-
ish America; in which, at one time, the great
Powers of Europe, united by what was called
"The Holy Alliance," were strongly inclined to
interfere. Under these circumstances, and when
the political principles of our party appeared to
have gained a permanent ascendancy, by the pros-
tration of our old opponents, and to be in no dan-
ger, it is not at all wonderful that the measures
with which the Senator now reproaches me should
have received the support of myself and the party
to which I belong. I confess, for myself, that
I then believed the danger to be, not within, but
without—not from the giving away of our prin-
ciples, but violence from abroad; and that I had no
suspicion that it lay in the quarter which ex-
perience has shown it really did. This accounts for
my course at that period.

In voting for the tariff of 1816, which I am still
of opinion was a judicious measure, with the ex-
ception of the minimum principle, of which I think
as badly as any one, I regarded it as a *revenue*
measure, and called for by the circumstances of
the time. But I did not dream that, in the short
space of twelve years it would be perverted by
those interested into an instrument of such un-
bounded oppression as to exact and pass into the
Treasury one-half of the whole proceeds of our
foreign exchanges. Nor did I imagine that, in
introducing a bill to set apart a particular fund
for internal improvement, and leaving it to Con-
gress to determine thereafter the extent of its
power over that subject, and to what object the
funds should be applied, (that was its real charac-
ter,) there was the least danger that, in a few
years, the whole revenue of the country would
become an object of scramble among the various
sections; in which the struggle would be, who
should get most, without any reference to the
public good. As to the bank, placed in the cir-
cumstances in which I and those with whom I
acted were, I do not now see how we could have
acted differently, even with our present ex-
perience. The time for reformation in reference
to the currency had not then arrived; and any at-
tempt at reform would have proved abortive.

But I offer not what I have said as a justifica-
tion; I acknowledge we all departed, in a
greater or less degree, from the stern and rigid
principles of the party, and the true policy of
the Government, and well have we paid the penalty.
It has taught me a lesson never to be forgotten.
and now I call on the younger and more inexpe-
rienced members of the party, as I then was, to
profit by our example. Avoid as you would the
greatest evil, the least departure from principle,
however harmless and innocent it may at the
time appear to be. The smallest departure may
prove to be an entering wedge; and others, dif-
fering from you in views and principles, will drive
the measure farther than you ever contemplated;
just as we have seen our old opponents seize on
the tariff, internal improvement, and the bank, to
overthrow our principles and establish their own.
Never cease to bear in mind that ours is a limited
Government, with specific powers; and that if
the prescribed line be passed ever so little,
there is no fixing any limits to the encroachments
of power.

Nor is the period of which I am speaking the only
one in which success has caused departure from
the principles and policy of our party. The vast
revenue, which the protective tariff placed at the
disposal of the Government, had the effects on
those in power which might have been anticipated.
They no longer relied on principles as the means
of preserving their ascendancy. The patronage
and resources of the Government were deemed
sufficient for this purpose; and many measures
were adopted, which will hereafter be regarded
as great and dangerous departures from the creed
of the party; and which have done more to re-
concile the People to the principles and policy of
our opponents, and to weaken their confidence in
ours, than all other causes put together.

As to myself, each revolving year impresses
me deeper and deeper with the truth and wisdom
of the Virginia school of politics. She was bless-
ed, when this Government went into operation,
with leaders of the clearest discernment and pure-
st patriotism; the Jeffersons, the Taylors, the
Roanes, and many others, who had formed the
most just conception of our system of Govern-
ment, and the policy to be pursued to preserve it.
I had, from my earliest years, imbibed a strong
attachment for that school. Indeed, I may say,
it was inherited by me. But I never realized to
the full extent the depths of its wisdom, and the
vast importance of adhering rigidly to its maxims,
till experience, and the reflection of riper and
more advanced years, taught me. And here is
the broad line of distinction between the Senator
and myself, which, with all his ingenuity, can-
not obliterate. He belongs, and always has, to
another and an opposite school, which, to de-
signate by its most distinguished leader, may be
called the school of Hamilton; a man distinguish-
ed for his great abilities, perfect frankness, and
ardent patriotism, but who was decidedly inferior
to Mr. Jefferson in genius, the power of original
thinking, and the clearness and depth of his con-
ception of the true nature and character of our
Government. Belonging, as we do, and ever
have, to schools so diverse, our agreement has
been casual, while our difference has been habi-
tual and fundamental, both as to the nature and
character of our Government, and the policy it
ought to pursue; and which has placed us op-
posite to each other on the present, and most of the
other great questions which have been agitated in
our time.

He sees in the success of the present question
the advancement of the principles and policy to
which I am devoted, and in its defeat the ad-
vancement of his own; hence our difference, and
the ardor of the present conflict—a conflict of op-
posing systems, in which, as one or the other may
prevail, the future destiny of the country will be
permanently influenced. The separation of the
political and moneyed power will give a lasting
ascendency to the political school to which I be-
long, and their union to that of the Senator.

His eyes in fixing on 1825 as the year when
my views in relation to the principles and charac-
ter of the Government became firmly fixed and
settled. It was then I took my seat in the chair
which you, sir, now occupy. I had devoted the
seven preceding years laboriously to the duties
of the War Department, which I had found in a
state of complete disorder, and which so engrossed
my attention as to leave me little leisure to
attend to the general politics of the country. The
change of office gave me both time and opportu-
nity to view more minutely the general operations
of the Government, which I did not neglect. I
soon saw the incipient state of those disorders,
which had then just begun to develop themselves,
and the causes in which they originated, as well
as the fearful consequences to which they threat-
ened to lead. This induced me to make a care-
ful review and examination of the principles of
the Government. I went to the source, the Ken-
tucky resolutions and the Virginia resolutions
and report, which I carefully investigated, in all
their bearings. I then turned my attention more
carefully to the investigation of the character and
tendency of what was called, at the time, the
American System, and saw clearly its oppressive,
corrupting, and dangerous tendency. I took a
firm stand against it. Since then, my life has
been one incessant struggle to maintain or re-
store the principles and policy of the old State
Rights Republican party, regardless of all personal
consequences. During this long period of
thirteen years of continued action, amidst the
most trying scenes, I may bid defiance to the
most rigid scrutiny to point out the slightest
variation in my course, or the least departure from
the principles or doctrines of the political school
to which I belong. I may be accused of carry-
ing my principles too far, or of adhering too rig-
idly to my doctrines, but of the opposite fault
none have ventured to accuse me. My adher-
ence to them has never wavered under the great-
est difficulties or danger. If then, I erred in
common with the great body of the party, under
the circumstances which I have explained, I, at
least, have long since made, I trust, ample am-
ends. If I have done any thing to contribute
to the common errors of the period immediately
subsequent to the late war, I have done far more,
I hope, towards their correction, and the restora-
tion of the principles and doctrines which our
party profess, as well as to arrest the ascendancy
of the opposite. To this great object, which I
solemnly believe, involves our liberty and the per-
petuation of our popular and free institutions, I
have devoted my life.

*The way they do things in Northern Missis-
sippi.*—The wife of Mr. J. C. Hudson, of Mar-
shall county, was lately delivered of three prom-
ising children at a birth. The citizens with becom-
ing liberality, immediately donated them a sec-
tion of land.

Another!—A Mrs. Gibson, of the same county
presented her husband with five children at two
births.

And yet another!—On the 17th ultimo, Mrs.
William Rabey, of Lafayette county, was deliv-
ered of three children. We are told the citizens
subscribed liberality to endow the trio,—two
daughters and a son.

As that portion of the state claims to be DEM-
OCRATIC, we have looked with a favorable eye to
the rapid increase of population, but if matters go
on at this rate it will not need our fostering care.

The following decision of Judge McKINLEY,
is likely to have an important bearing:

IMPORTANT DECISION.—A question of great
importance came up yesterday before the Circuit
Court of the United States, now sitting in this city
and was decided by the Court, Judge McKinley,
of the supreme court of the United States, presid-
ing. The Carrollton Bank, a banking company
chartered in Louisiana, purchased in Mobile,
through an agent, a bill of exchange, which being
unpaid, the bank brought an action against one of
the parties to the bill. The Court decided that a
bank corporation of another State could not make
a contract; in this State for want of capacity to
contract; and therefore, that the bank could not
recover on the bill. The case will go up, as we
understand to the Supreme Court of the United
States where the question will be settled.

The above decision has produced great ex-
citement here, and is the subject of general con-
versation and alarm. Its ruinous consequences,
if it is sustained, can scarcely be imagined.

[Mobile Mercantile Advertiser.]

THE BIBLE.

Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path when want to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveler's way!

Bread of our souls, wherein we feed,
True manna from on high!
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

Flare of fire—through watches dark!
Or radiant cloud by day!
When waves would whelm our tossing bark—
Our anchor and our stay!

Pole-star of life's tempestuous deep!
Beacon! when doubts surround,
Compass! by which our course we keep!
Our deeper lead—to sound—

Riches in poverty!—Our aid
In every needful hour!
Unshaken rock! the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress tower!

Our shield and buckler in the fight!
Victory's triumphant balm!
Comfort in grief! in weakness, might!
In sickness—Gilead's balm!

Childhood's preceptor; manhood's trust!
Old age's firm ally!
Our hope—when we go down to dust—
Of immortality!

Pure oracle of Truth Divine!
Unlike each fabled dream,
Given forth from Delphi's mystic shrine,
Of grove of Academe!

Word of the Ever-Living God!
Will of his Glorious Son!
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.
My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that ere noon to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant, smiling bride
To our lonely home of sorrow.

Oh! would I saw thee joying thus,
But tears are my words' only crown;
Hark on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yea, to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and courteous greeting.

She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty:
Ah! little need she a new-made bride
Of daughter's quiet duty.

Thou hast her costly gown, they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her;
Dear father, one nightingale I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.

My eye, even now, on the treasure fails,
I love and ask no other,
It has hung for years on our ancient walls—
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festive guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling.

And a gleam on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their own living,
For a fleeting twelvemonth scarce has past,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
And its sweet and sad revelations.

Oh! my mother's commanding brow, unchecked
By feeble or selfish weakness,
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by Christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that once to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion,
I remove this portrait from thy sight
To my chamber's still seclusion:

It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
It will beam on my protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my faltering prayer,
To hallow thy new connection.

Thou wilt weep, father, in pride and gloe,
To remove the relic broken,
But tonight upon earth remains to me
Save this sad and silent token.

The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
To the image of her mother.

A WIFE TO HER JEWELS.
On a collusive attempt of her husband to get them
from her.

I prize ye much, ye beauteous gems,
For oft ye've deck'd my brow,
And sparkled brightly on my breast,
When all within was peace and rest,

And happiness, a welcome guest,
Its halo round me threw.

I prize ye not for worldly pride;
Still ye to me are dear,
Ye bring back thoughts of brighter times,
Of flowery beds and sunny climes,

When wandering o'er through groves of olives
Ye sparkled in my ear.

I prize ye most, my favorite set,
I prize ye most, my favorite set,
I bought ye true and Scotch's strand,
My own, my dear, my native land—

And paled be the cat's paw hand,
Would claim ye for his own.

I prize ye, for in woe and want
I've gazed on ye with pride,
And thought each gem an Indian mine,
And pictured—how, in life's decline,

Ye on my girl's fair brow would shine,
Or deck my son's young bride.

But more than ever are ye prized
And treasured by me now,
Yea, treasured by me in sorrow's hour,
Has tried to force ye from my brow.

Ye're mine—tho' e'en a cloud may lower—
And yet shall deck my brow.

THE RUINED MINN.
Ah! sad it is to see the deck
Dimmed of some noble wreck;
And sad to see the marble stone
Defaced, and with grey moss o'ergrown;

And sad to see the broken lot
For aye to see its native spot;
But what is life, or fallen tower,
Or ship sunk in its proudest hour,

To awe and majesty combined
In their worst shape—the ruined mind!

MEMORY.
Ah! there are memories that will not vanish;
Thoughts of the past we have no power to banish;
To show the heart how powerless mere will,
For we may suffer, and yet struggle still.

It is not at our choice that we forget,
That is a power no science teaches yet;
The heart may be a dark and closed-up tomb;
But memory stands a ghost amid the gloom!

A person in Ovestry impudently accented the
late Bishop of Asaph as follows:—"My lord, does
the devil wear a wig like you, or is he bare-headed?"

"Wait a while my man," said the prelate, "and
you shall see."

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE CITY OF DOGTOWN.

DOGTOWN.—Is a beautiful place, in the in-
terior of this State. There is plenty of land around
it, so that nothing can hinder it from growing in
every direction, and thus becoming a great city.
In fact Dogtown has already a one-story church,
part of a school-house, and an elegant pond.
Nobody can see Dogtown without being remind-
ed of that celebrated town in France named
Grandville, of which we have the following de-
scription.

Grandville, great Grandville,
Has a meeting-house and mill;
Nothing else in all Grandville.

Dogtown is finely and advantageously situated.
It stands on Eel river, a stream of water which
runs into another stream, and that into a third,
which runs into Connecticut river, which running
into Long Island Sound, finally reaches the At-
lantic; who does not see, therefore, that Dog-
town may become a great seaport! The territory
in the neighborhood of Dogtown is remarkable
for its fertility, being that part of it which is cov-
ered with rocks, that salt meadow, the pine
woods, the clayponds and the swamps. It is
past a doubt therefore, that the territory, if well
cleared, drained, peopled and cultivated, would
become a perfect garden, abounding with the
richest productions of nature, and affording a
mine of wealth to the country. As to the facil-
ties of communication with the great Atlantic
cities and commercial marts, they are admirable.
Dogtown has Boston on one side and New York
on the other. Montreal and Quebec are in the
north, while in the east is the rich and thriving
State of Maine, with Bangor and Owl's head to
boot. Railroads can be made to connect Dog-
town with all these places, and they will certainly
form such a connection, when they are built.
That the place will be a great focus of trade when
this is done, nobody I think will deny.

The neighborhood of Dogtown has all the advantages
that can be desired in a young country.—There
will be as many large towns within thirty miles
of the place, as people choose to build. The popu-
lation cannot fail to increase rapidly, for a man
can get married for seventy-five cents, town
clerk's fees included. The attraction for settlers
therefore be considered very great. The
Dogtowners are remarkably industrious for they
get a living, although constantly grumbling at
hard times. They are moreover ingenious, for they
manufacture axe handles, wooden bowls,
birch brooms, and white oak cheese, and invent
mouse traps and washing machines. Last of all,
the inhabitants of Dogtown are literary and intel-
lectual, for they talk a great deal of the march
of improvement, and the minister and the lawyer
take the Penny Magazine between them.

All these attractions together form a combina-
tion truly wonderful. But the reader will be as-
tonished when I inform him that the inhabitants
of this favored spot lived a great many years with-
out the smallest suspicion of what I have been
describing. They thought very little of them-
selves or of the town they lived in, and continued
to vegetate from year to year without imagining
they were better off than other folks. In fact the
world might have continued to this day in utter
ignorance that Dogtown was such a wonderful
place, but for an accident—an accident I call it,
for the Dogtowners having lived for so many
years without opening their eyes, the fact that they
did open them of a sudden, on a certain day in
the year of grace 1834, must be considered pure-
ly accidental. Some people are inclined to as-
cribe it to the approach of the comet, which had a
powerful influence in opening people's eyes—to
say nothing of its effect in driving them stark
mad. But that is neither here nor there. The
people of Dogtown opened their eyes and saw
that was enough; they saw in an instant their
immense advantages; and were astonished that
they never had seen them before. They saw
their advantages I say, and were determined to
turn them to account.

Straightway Dogtown was all alive; every
body was confident that Dogtown must become a
great place; and as every body told every body
else so, there was no doubt about the matter.
Every man went to buying land who could pay
for it; and those who could not pay, bought up
on credit, sure of selling it at ten times the cost
within a year. Nothing was talked of but the
immense advantages of the place. The riches of
Dogtown were indeed immense, and how they
could have been overlooked so long, was a mys-
tery that no one could understand. The land
within the limits of the town was computed at
720,000,000 square feet, which at only one cent
per square foot, which is cheap enough in our
conscience, would amount to 7,200,000 dollars.
What a sum! But this was not all. Half of
this land was covered with trees at the rate of
one tree to every five square feet or quadrangle
of twenty-five feet; this gave a computation of
10,400,000 trees, and as each tree on an average
contained seventy-five cubic feet of timber, it fol-
lowed that there was actually in the town 780-
600,000 feet of timber, worth on the lowest cal-
culation five cents per foot, which would amount
to 39,000,000 dollars. This added to the value
of the land as above, made a grand total of forty
six millions two hundred thousand dollars.

The mention of these sums almost drove the
good people of Dogtown distracted with joy;
they could hardly believe their eyes or ears, but
there it was in black and white; figures could not
lie. They were amazed to think of their own
stupidity and that of their ancestors in letting for-
ty-six millions two hundred thousand dollars lie
totally useless and unproductive; but they were
determined not to allow their wealth to be neg-
lected any longer. A grand scheme of specula-
tion and improvement was started, and all rushed
headlong to it. Every man in Dogtown was
now rich, or, what was the same thing, was sure
of being so before long. Immense tracts were
laid out in building lots, and speculators flocked
in from all quarters; from Catsville and Wea-
zletown, and Buzzards-borough, and Ganderfield
and Crow Corner, and Upper Bughury and East
Punkington, and Black Swamp, and the Bottom-
less Boggs. Such a busy time as the Dogtowners
had off! Nothing was talked of but buying
land, building houses, laying out roads, streets,
squares, avenues, railroads, canals, &c. &c. &c.
People left off ploughing and hoeing, because ag-
riculture was too slow a method of making money;
for who would think of raising turnips to
sell, at twenty cents a bushel, when he could
make a hundred times the profit by speculating in
lands!

First of all, it was determined that Dogtown
should be a city. The want of population was
found to be a serious obstacle here; this consti-

tution of the State requires ten or twelve thousand
inhabitants for a city, and as Dogtown, including
the suburbs of Pappyville and Skunk's Mirey,
contained a population of only six hundred and
thirty-one, it was thought there might be some
difficulty in getting a charter without anticipating
the returns of the next census. However a city
it must be, some time or other, in this all were
agreed, and it might as well have the same name
first as last, they concluded to call it a city. It
is astonishing what spirit of enterprise these pros-
pects infused into the people of Dogtown. The
school-house door was painted green, and Joe
Stubbins mended the top of his chimney, and it
was voted in town meeting to purchase three
wheelbarrows for the public use, and all in con-
sequence of these projected improvements. Nay,
so widely did their views of business expand, that
Amosiah Figgins, the grocer, determined to give
up retailing, and declared he wouldn't split cracker-
s nor cut candles any longer.

Such was the thriving condition of the city of
Dogtown when I left the place in the autumn of
that year. I continued to hear of it through the
medium of the Dogtown Daily Advertiser, a
newspaper established there by an enterprising
printer from Connecticut at the first dawning of
the commercial prosperity of the place. It appear-
ed to go ahead rapidly. The newspaper spoke
of the Exchange, the Town Hall, the Bank, the
New Post Office, the Railroad, Canal, &c.—
House lots were advertised in Washington
Square, Merchant's Row, State Street, Market
Street, &c. Contracts were proposed for build-
ing churches, manufactories, &c. This was
Dogtown in all its glory.

Last August I determined to make a visit to
this celebrated place in order to feast my eyes
with the splendor of a city that had sprung up as
it were by enchantment.—When I reached the
foot of Blueberry Hill, which overlooks the
whole place, I walked eagerly to the top in order
to catch a view at a single glance, of the city in
all its magnificence. To my utter astonishment,
instead of spires and domes I saw nothing but
Deacon Stumpy's old mansion, with five other
ragged and dingy looking edifices, which stood
exactly where I had always known them. I en-
tered